Least that thy loue proue likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I sweare by?
Iuli. Do not sweare at all:
Or if thou wilt sweare by thy gratious selfe,
Which is the god of my Idolatry,
And Ile beleeue thee.
Ro. If my hearts deare loue.
Iu. Well doe not sweare, although I ioy in thee:
I haue no ioy of this contract to night,
It is too rash, too vnaduisde, too sudden,
Too like the lightning which doth cease to bee,
Ere, one can say, it lightens, sweete goodnight:
This bud of loue by Summers ripening breath,
May proue a beautious flower when next we meete,
Goodnight, goodnight, as sweete repose and rest,
Come to thy heart, as that within my brest.
Ro. O wilt thou leaue me so vnsatisfied?
Iu. What satisfaction canst thou haue to night?
Ro. Th'exchange of thy loues faithfull vow for mine.
Iu. I gaue thee mine before thou didst request it:
And yet I would it were to giue againe.
Ro. Would'st thou withdraw it, for what purpose loue?
Iu. But to be franke and giue it thee againe,
And yet I wish but for the thing I haue,
My bounty is as boundlesse as the sea,
My loue as deepe, the more I giue to thee
The more I haue, for both are infinite:
I heare some noyse within, deare loue adue:
Anon good Nurse, sweete *Mountague* be true:
Stay but a little, I will come againe.
Ro. O blessed blessed night, I am afeard
Being in night, all this is but a dreame,
Too flattering sweet to be substantiall.
Iu. Three words deare *Romeo*, and goodnight indeed,
If that thy bent of loue be honorable,
Thy purpose matriage, send me word to morrow,

By

By one that ile procure to come t
Where and what time thou wilt
And all my fortunes at thy foote
And follow thee my L. through
I come, anon: but if thou meanest
I doe beseech thee (by and by I c
To cease thy strife, and leaue me
To'morrow will I send.
Ro. So thriue my soule.
Iu. A thousand times goodni
Ro. A thousand times the wor
Loue goes toward loue as schoo
But loue from loue, toward scho

Enter

Iu. Hist *Romeo* hist, O for a fal
To lure this Tassell gentle backe
Bondage is hoarse, and may not
Else would I teare the Caue whe
And make her ayry tongue more
With repetition of my *Romeo*.
Ro. It is my soule that calls vp
How siluer sweet, sound louers
Like softest Musicke to attendi
Iu. *Romeo.*
Rom. My Neece.
Iul. What a clock to morro
Shall I send to thee?
Ro. By the houre of nine.
Iuli. I will not faile, tis twenty
I haue forgot why I did call thee
Ro. Let me stand here till tho
Iuli. I shall forget, to haue th
Remembring how I loue thy co
Ro. And Ile still stay, to haue t
Forgetting any other home but
Iuli. Tis almost morning, I wo
And yet no farther then a wanto

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22324) LONDON, 1609 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.